The Middlebury Galaxy.

"IN THE DARK AND TROUBLED NIGHT THAT IS UPON US, THERE IS NO STAR ABOVE THE HORIZON TO GIVE US A GLEAM OF LIGHT, EXCEPTING THE INTELLIGENT, PATRIOTIC WHIG PARTY OF THE UNITED STATES."—WEBSTER.

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JUSTUS COBB, PUBLISHER,

BY WHOM ALL KINDS OF BOOK AND JOB PRINTING WILL BE EXECUTED ON SHORT NOTICE.

Poetry.

THE WANDERING WIND.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

The wind, the wandering wind
Of the golden summer eves—
Whence is the thrilling magic
Of its tones among the leaves?
Oh! is it from the waters,
Or from the tall grass?
Or is it from the hollow rocks
Through which its breathings pass?

Or is it from the voices
Of all in one combined,
That it wins the tone of mastery?
The wind, the wandering wind!
No, no, the strange, sweet accents
That with it come and go,
They are not not from the osiers,
Nor the fir trees whispering low.

They are not of the waters,
Or of the caverned hill,
'Tis the human love within us
That gives them power to thrill.
They touch the links of memory
Around our spirits twined,
And we start, and weep, and tremble!
To the wind, the wandering wind.

AGRICULTURAL.

THE FRENCH PEASANTRY.

Excepting with the great farmers, where there are small buildings for the residence of the permanent laborers ordinarily in the court-yard, or immediate neighborhood of the great house, the peasants generally live in the villages, and sometimes go long distances to their work. They rise early, and among their first duties are those of religion; their first visit being, in most cases, to the village church, which is open at all hours. I have often met them there in the morning, when it was scarcely light enough to see the way; and I have found crowds of them in the churches at night, after their return from labor, when, with only one or two lamps burning over the altar in the church, it has been so dark that the dress of persons could not be distinguished until you came within arm's length of them. It is the beauty of the Catholic religion, that, although it is in a degree social, it is at the same time individual and personal in its character; that although the ceremonies of the worship are of a splendid, and often gorgeous description, yet the worshipper seems regardless of everything but his own particular part in the service, which he performs silently, and generally with an intensity and abstractedness which are remarkable; and in churches whose splendor and magnificence it would require a brilliant pen to describe, I have seen laboring men in their frocks, and with their spades upon their shoulders, and market-women with their baskets upon their arm, go into the churches, and after performing their devotions, and evidently with no other object in their thoughts, go away to their labors.

In all parts of Europe the women are as much engaged in the labors of the field as the men, and perform indiscriminately the same kinds of labor.—Having been much among the peasantry and the laboring classes at home and abroad, I must in truth say, that a more civil, cleanly, industrious, frugal, sober, or better dressed people than the French peasantry, for persons in their condition, in the parts of the country which I have visited, and especially the women, I have never known. The civility and the courtesy, even of the most humble of them, are very striking. There is neither servility nor insolence among them; their economy is most remarkable; drunkenness is scarcely known; their neatness, even when performing the dirtiest work, is quite exemplary; cheerfulness, and an innocent hilarity, are predominant traits in their character.

The wages of the French peasantry are in general from a franc to a franc and a half per day to a man, that is, ten to fifteen pence, or twenty to thirty cents; and to women about four-fifths of the former sum, or about eight pence or sixteen cents.—In this case they ordinarily provide entirely for themselves. In harvest, however, or under extraordinary circumstances, they are provided for in addition to their wages. Coffee and tea are scarcely known among them. They drink no ardent spirits. Their usual drink is an acid wine not so strong as common cider, and this mixed with water; they have meat but rarely; occasionally fish; but their general provision is soup, composed chiefly of vegetables and bread. Bread, both wheat and rye, is with them literally the staff of life.—With all this they enjoy a ruddy health; and the women are diligent to a proverb. They seem unwilling to lose a moment's time. I have repeatedly seen them carrying heavy burdens upon their heads and at the same time knitting as they went along.—*Colman's European Agriculture.*

HORTICULTURE.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

If the admiration of the beautiful things of nature has a tendency to soften and refine the character, the culture of them has a still more powerful and abiding influence. It takes the form of an affection. The seed which we have nursed, the tree of our planting, under whose shade we sit with delight, are to us as living, loving friends. In proportion to the care we have bestowed on them is the warmth of our regard. They are also gentle and persuasive teachers of His goodness who causeth the sun to shine and the dew to distil; who forgets not the tender buried vine amid the snows and ice of winter, but bringeth forth the root, long hidden from the eye of man, into vernal splendor or autumnal fruitage.

The lessons learned among the works of nature are of peculiar value in the present age. The restlessness and din of the railroad principles, which pervade its operations, and the spirit of accumulation which threatens to corrode every generous sensibility, are modified by the sweet friendship of the quiet plants. The toil, the hurry, the speculation, the sudden reverse which mark our own times, beyond any that have preceded them, render it particularly salutary for us to heed the admonition of our Savior, and take instruction from the lilies of the field, those peaceful denizens of the bounty of heaven.

Horticulture has been pronounced, by medical men, as salutary to health, and to cheerfulness of spirits; and it would seem that this theory might be sustained, by the placid and happy countenances of those who use it as a relaxation from the excitement of business, or the exhaustion of study. And if he who devotes his leisure to the culture of the works of nature benefits himself, he who beautifies a garden for the eye of the community is surely a public benefactor. He instils into the bosom of the world, panting with the gold fever, gentle thoughts, which do good like a medicine. He cheers the desponding invalid, and makes the eye of the child brighten with a more intense happiness. He furnishes pure aliment for that taste which refines character and multiplies simple pleasures. To those who earn their subsistence by laboring on his grounds, he stands in the light of a benefactor. The kind of industry which he promotes is favorable to simplicity and virtue. With one of the sweetest poets of our mother land, we may say,—

"Praise to the sturdy spade,
And patient plough, and shepherd's simple crook;
And let the light mechanic's tool be hailed
With honor, which, encasing, by the power
Of long companionship, the laborer's hand,
Cut off that hand, with all its world of nerves,
From a too busy commerce with the heart."

Lady's Book.

EARLY TOMATOES.

When the assistance of a hot-bed cannot be obtained, tomatoes may be successfully started in pots, or other suitable vessels, in a warm room. In this manner the maturation of the fruit will be advanced a week or two, and without involving any serious trouble or expense.

"While the fruit remains green," says a recent writer on the management of tomatoes, "I have much accelerated the ripening, by removing the large leaves from dense bunches of fruit, and placing white boards behind them, so as to reflect the sun's rays strongly upon them." With the same view, an English author of eminence, recommends tin.

The British fruit raiser considers a good wall for fruit, equal to an advance of six degrees towards the equator. By planting the tomato in beds under a fence brilliantly whitewashed or painted white, the maturation of the fruit would no doubt be materially advanced. Frequent and copious irrigation with soap suds, and cleanly cultivation, greatly facilitates the development of this fruit.

CORN BREAD.—We are in the daily habit of eating corn bread made after the following receipt, by our good landlady, Mrs. Norton of Astoria. It is equal to any thing we ever tasted:—To one quart of sour milk add two teapoonfuls, well stirred in, of finely pulverized salæratus, two eggs well beaten, one tablespoonful of brown sugar, and a piece of butter as large as an egg.—Salt to suit the taste, and then stir in the meal, making the mixture about as stiff as for pound-cake. Now comes the great secret of its goodness. *Bake quick*—to the color of a rich light brown. Eat it moderately warm, with butter, cheese, honey, or sugar-house molasses, as most agreeable to the palate. —*Am. Ag.*

MISCELLANY.

LIFE INSURANCE:

OR, THE REASON WHY MR. SAM'L POPKIN COULDN'T GET A POLICY.

Samuel Popkin, Esq., was a bachelor.—Mr. Popkin was well enough off in the world—as the phrase goes—but Mr. P. had two maiden sisters of an "uncertain age," who feared that their dutiful and affectionate brother might pop off suddenly some fine day, and leave them minus; for—though he enjoyed a very handsome income from his profession, as book keeper for the house of Makepenny & Co.—it would avail the maiden ladies nothing after his death; and they urged upon him to apply for a Life Assurance, to be made over to them in case of accident—and so he attended to their joint request forthwith.

Mr. Popkin was growing fat. That is—people of ordinary minds would say so—but his sisters didn't like gross phrases, and so they said he was only getting "portly."—Be this as it may, however, Mr. P. was very thick, and very short in stature, and when waddling down State street towards the scene of his daily business, he very much resembled an upright diminutive gin-pipe, locomoted by a brace of ten-pins. His eye was small, and round, and dark—and when excited, appeared very like a black glass bead, half buried in a fresh oyster. His cheeks were like two bouncing Baldwin apples, and the distance between his fat chin and his chest was so brief—taking into the account a constant habit he had of wheezing, when over-excited—that it seemed doubtful whether there was any room there for a windpipe! Mr. Popkin always breathed "through his nose."

But Mr. Popkin had examined the advertisement and circulars of the "Mutual Prop-'em-up Association," and having bagged a comfortable dinner (Mr. P. never ate any others,) he sallied forth to wait upon the agent, for the purpose of applying for a life-insurance. The door of the agent was directly adjoining that of a broker's office, and mistaking the entrance, Mr. Popkin entered the latter, where two or three of the b'hoys—clerks to the broker—were assembled, an hour after dinner, with no business upon their hands, and ripe for a little fun.

Mr. Popkin made known the object of his call, in his customary bland and artless manner, when the eldest of the trio winked at his companions, and informed the applicant that they were ready to wait upon him. After turning the fat gentleman round several times, until his head swam like a top, the foremost of the rascals suddenly jammed his hat down over his eyes, and begged him to be seated; which request Mr. Popkin was about to comply with, very gratefully, when the chair was dexterously withdrawn from behind him and he came to the floor in contact with an earthen spittoon which chanced to be near him, the concussion causing a sensation which he declared one of the most extr'onerry" he ever experienced in the whole course of his life!

But it seemed purely an accident; and Mr. Popkin with one hand raised his hat from over his nose, and applied the other vigorously to the location of the thump he received in his fall. In a moment after, he had "got to rights," and drawing up the chair, submitted to be questioned.

"Name, residence, and occupation?" said his interrogator.

"Popkin, sir; Samuel Popkin, Esq., Benson street, accountant."

"Where born?"

"United States," said Mr. Popkin.

"United States," echoed the questioner, turning gravely to one of his companions—"he's a Native American. Will that do?"

The other nodded his head seriously, and Mr. Popkin began to find the room very warm.

"Age, Mr. Poppin?"

"Pop-KIN, if you please, sir."

"Well—your age, Mr. Popkin."

"Forty-four."

"Married?"

"No—bless your soul! No, sir!" said Mr. P. vehemently.

"Ever had the small-pox, Mr. Pokpin?"

"Never. Popkin, if you please, sir," added the applicant.

"Ever had any affection of the heart?"

"No, sir! Mr. Samuel Popkin is a bachelor."

"Have you ever met with any serious accident?"

"Never. That is—beg your pardon"—continued Mr. P., checking himself quickly, and seeming to recollect something of consequence—"there *was* a slight accident."

"What was it, Mr. Popkin—no secrets, if you please."

"Some eleven years ago," said Mr. P., gravely—and he wiped the perspiration from his glistening forehead—"it was eleven years this fall"—

"Well, sir, out with it—out with it."

"It was no fault of mine, sir—but I was turned out of the Boston Custom-House!"

"Turned out of the Boston Custom-House!" exclaimed the querist, letting fall his pen in amazement, and staring at the applicant, apparently thunder-struck.

"I trust, sir, this does not render me ineligible by the rules of your Association," continued the applicant, terribly alarmed.

"We shall see, Mr. Poppin."

"Pop-KIN, sir," chimed in the fat man, again—and raising his handkerchief to his fevered cheeks, once more he wiped away the sweat from his face, and wished himself safely at home.

The clerks put their heads together a few minutes, and the eldest then rose very solemnly, and approaching Mr. P. with a large trumpet, placed the bottom of it directly against the side of his ear, and yelled "fire!" as loud as his stentorian lungs would permit, causing the unsuspecting and quiet gentleman from his chair into the centre of the room.

"Very nervous temperament," said the examiner, gazing at him, while one of the others pretended to write down the fact. Then, as if the thought had just struck him, his tormentor wheeled out the desk from against the wall, and turning to Mr. Popkin, he said—

"Now, sir—jump!"

"Bless me! Do what?"

"Jump, sir—over that desk."

"Impossible!"

"You must jump clear of the top of that desk. Mr. Popkin, or your insurance won't be worth a straw."

The poor victim's imagination was stretched to the last tension, but determined to make an effort to save what had cost him so much trouble already, he nerved himself up, and advanced to the desk—balked—ran back—and then, with a final desperation, sprang to the edge of the railing. The boys stood by, and as he reached the top, they aided his progress by a series of thumps and jerks, when Mr. Samuel Popkin finally found himself panting, and wheezing, flat on his back, upon the other side of the desk. The rubicon was passed, but Sammy was well nigh "done for!"

The wags lifted the applicant up, dashed a pitcher of iced water in his face (by way of relieving his lungs,) and then informed him that he could go and that he would find their decision upon his case in the Post Office next morning.

Half dead with fright and exertion, Mr. Popkin gladly hurried away, and in his box, next day, he found the following satisfactory epistle:

"The government of the 'Mutual Prop-'em-up Association,' in the case of Samuel POK-pin, Esq., Accountant, decide that a man once *in* the Boston Custom House, who isn't smart enough to *stay* there, and who, at forty-four, is unable, without aid, to jump over a desk less than five feet high, is decidedly uninsurable.

PETER SYPHAX, Secretary."

Mr. Popkin gave it up, but he chanced to outlive both his sisters. Posterity suffered nothing by his demise, but to the day of his death, his aversion to all sorts of "Insurances" was most bitter and determined.

OFFICE-SEEKERS.—If the administration should pursue the course which it has commenced, it would do much, and what is much needed, towards suppressing that abominable system of venality which is a fertile source of our misgovernment. Our political action has sunk to a sordid, fraudulent trade, exhibiting a vile compound of avarice, dishonesty, rancor and perfidy. Nobody can visit Washington upon the induction of a new President, and witness the self-abasement exhibited there by thousands, without lamenting the depravation of our political morals, and being thoroughly disgusted at the low point which they have reached. It is positively difficult for a man of due personal pride, to comprehend the depths of humility to which thousands of office-seekers descend. In a single day's residence at Washington at the present time, he will witness almost enough to make him despise human nature for the rest of his life. Such things were unknown in the days of Washington, Jefferson and Madison, and it is quite time for some vigorous effort to restore the better political morals of those days. If General Taylor and his Cabinet will make the attempt, they will deserve well of the country, and will be well sustained by the most deserving of its citizens.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

GENERAL TAYLOR'S RECEPTION OF A BIBLE.—At the Presbyterian ladies' fair at Frankfort, Ky., Feb. 14th, General TAYLOR, being present by invitation, was presented with a magnificent copy of the Bible, and the Constitution of the United States.

In accepting the book, Gen. Taylor said:—"I accept with gratitude and pleasure your gift of this inestimable volume. It was for the love of the truths of this great and good book that our fathers abandoned their native shores, for the wilderness. Animated by its lofty principles, they toiled and suffered till the desert blossomed as the rose. These same truths sustained them in their resolution to become a free nation. And guided by the wisdom of this book, they founded a government, under which we have grown from three millions to more than twenty millions of people, and from being as a stock on the borders of this continent, we have spread from the Atlantic to the Pacific. I trust that their principles of liberty may extend, if without bloodshed, from the northern to the southern extremities of the continent. If there were in that book nothing but its great precept: 'All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them,' and if that precept were obeyed, our government might extend over the whole continent. Accept, sir, my sincere thanks for the manner in which you have discharged this duty, and expressing again my sincere thanks to the ladies, for their beautiful gift, I pray that health, peace, and prosperity may long be continued to them."

THE CHARM OF CLEANLINESS.—A white-yellow cravat or shirt on a man, speaks at once of the character of his wife; and be you assured, that she will not take with your dress, pains which was never taken with her own. Then the manner of putting on the dress is no bad foundation for judging,—if it be carelessly, slovenly, if it do not properly fit. No matter its mean quality; mean as it may be, it may be neatly and trimly put on; and if it be not, take care of yourself, for, as you will soon find out to your cost, a sloven in one thing is a sloven in all things. The country people judge greatly from the state of covering of the ankles; and if it be not clean and tight, they conclude that all out of sight is not as it ought to be. Look at the shoes, if they be trodden on one side, loose on the foot, or run down at the heel, it is a very bad sign; and, as to slipshod, though at coming down in the morning, and even before daylight, make up your mind to a rope rather than live with a slipshod wife. Oh! how much do women lose by inattention to those matters! Men, in general, say nothing about it to their wives; but they think about it; they envy their luckier neighbors, and in numerous cases, consequences the most serious arise from this apparently trifling cause. Beauty is valuable; it is one of the ties, and a strong tie too; that, however, cannot last to an old age; but the charm of cleanliness never ends but with life itself.—*Cobbett.*

ONE THING NEEDFUL.—At a meeting of the citizens of Concord, recently, to *talk up* a company for California, a Rev. Gentleman is reported to have made a very moving appeal. Having made other remarks, he closed as follows—

"My good friends, gold is a good thing—serviceable and necessary in the business affairs of life, and a proper effort to accumulate it is commendable. But, my friends, let me admonish you to make ample preparations, if you intend to visit California. Let me tell you that there is "one thing needful"—one thing which the gold dust of that golden land cannot buy—one that pearls and the costliest gems cannot purchase, and that, my friends is —*pork!*"

This outburst of eloquence was received with intense applause.—*Manchester Democrat.*

A DESERTED ROOM.—Few things are calculated to make a more painful impression than the view of empty rooms, once containing within their walls so much of the warmth, and light, and joy of life. There is a voice in their silence ever proclaiming the mutability of human beings; the dull ashes in the cheerless grate are emblematical of the decaying embers aforetime brightly burning in the bosom, now changed and cold; the remnants of things which lie about on the floors, are types of the broken fibres which once bound fond hearts to a cherished object—severed now, but still refusing to quit their hold. It is nothing to tell us that "the change is for the better," that "they were glad to leave," "that they would be much better off when they were gone," but who has not felt the fallacious character of such comfort in the bitterness of a parting hour!

AN UNLUCKY TEXT.—The following anecdote is none the worse for being authentic.—We get the story from an intelligent friend, who had it from the "victim" himself:—

"Ephraim Maxham," some years ago the able editor of the "People's Press," at Middlebury, Vt.—a journal since merged in the "Middlebury Galaxy"—having grown a-weary of single blessedness at an early age, got married.—The Sunday following the nuptials, which had made considerable stir in the village where the bridegroom resided, the "happy pair" attended the Congregational church, and were walking up the broad aisle, under a sharp fire from several hundred curious eyes, when the parson, announcing his text, exclaimed in a loud voice—"*Ephraim* is joined to his idols—let him alone!" To be "singled out" in so public and unceremonious a manner so soon after he had been lawfully "doubled," was terribly vexatious to poor "Eph." while it utterly ruined the "devotions" of all the "young men and maidens," whose risibility grew none the less as the parson went on repeating the unlucky text, at frequent intervals, to the end of his discourse.—*Boston Post.*

FIDELITY.—Never forsake a friend. When enemies gather around—when sickness falls on the heart—when the world is dark and cheerless—is the time to try true friendship. The heart that has been touched with the true gold will redouble its efforts, when the friend is sad and in trouble. Adversity tries real friendship. They who turn from the scene of distress, betray their hypocrisy and prove that interest only moves them. If you have a friend who loves you—who has studied your interest and happiness—be sure to sustain him in adversity. Let him feel that his former kindness is appreciated—and that his love was not thrown away. Real fidelity may be rare, but it exists in the heart. Who has not seen and felt its power? They only deny its worth and power, who have never loved a friend or labored to make another happy. The good and the kind—the affectionate and virtuous, see and feel the heavenly principle. They would sacrifice wealth and honor to promote the happiness of others, and in return they receive the reward of their love by sympathizing hearts and countless favors, when they have been brought low by disease or adversity.

GEORGE D. PRENTICE.—Doubtless there is not one of our readers who has not laughed over some sally of pungent wit, from this most sparkling of American editors, even though the perpetrator was unknown. He is thus described:

"There is nothing attractive or pre-possessing in his personal appearance; on the contrary some would pronounce him decidedly ugly. About middle height and age, and what would seem unaccountable, a favorite with the ladies, if not a ladies' man. His powers of conversation equal his writing. Fluent, easy and graceful, the silvery toned words flow from his lips irresistibly. He told me that all his editorials are written by dictation; he having lost the use of his fingers so as to incapacitate him from holding the pen."

THE DEAD COMING TO LIFE.—A correspondent of the Tribune, writing from Knowlesville, N. Y., March 20, says: A young woman of this place named Spencer was taken slighly ill, a few evenings since. She went to bed, and in the morning was found insensible and supposed to be dead. Her funeral took place yesterday in the presence of a large number of the neighbors. Shortly after the conclusion of the funeral sermon, and before the coffin had been moved for the purpose of carrying it to the grave, it was discovered that life was not extinct. She was once more placed on the bed and the work of resuscitation commenced. It is, however, still doubtful whether she will recover or not.

THE CHOLERA AT NASHVILLE, TENN.—The Nashville Union, of the 17th, says the Cholera is now at that place, beyond all doubt. Several cases had occurred within the previous 24 hours, and 2 of which proved fatal.—No doubt exists among the physicians as to the real character of the disease.

☞ Hon. G. W. Peck has resigned the office of Postmaster at Lansing, the capital of Michigan, on the ground that he had taken an active part in opposing Gen. Taylor's election.

☞ Charles Dickens is announced in the London papers to commence the publication of a new serial story in May, to be concluded in twenty numbers.

☞ A Mr. C. G. White states, in a letter addressed to the *Lancet*, that the rumbling sound perceived on stopping the ears with the fingers, proceeds from the circulation of the blood.

STOPPING NEWSPAPERS.—A certain man hit his toe against a pebble-stone and fell headlong to the ground. He was vexed, and under the influence of anger and active self-sufficiency, he kicked old mother earth right saucily. With imperturbable gravity, he looked to see "the great globe itself dissolved" and come to nought. But the earth remained, and only his poor foot was injured in the encounter. This is the way of man. An article in the newspaper touches him in a weak place, and straitway he sends word to stop his paper. With great self-complacency, he looks to see a crash, when the object of his spleen shall cease to be. Poor fool, he has only hit his own toe against a world that does not perceptibly feel the shock, and injures, to no extent, any one but himself.

UMBRELLA ETIQUETTE.—The Court Journal lays down the following rules: If you meet a lady without an umbrella in the rain, it is not proper to lend an umbrella to her, but you ought to escort her home; but if you meet two ladies then you should *give them* your umbrella. This is proper whether the ladies are your acquaintances or not.

Ladies wont always accept such kind offers. We remember once overtaking a lady in Boston when it was raining like big guns, and asking her if she wouldn't accept a shelter under our umbrella. She answered, NO, as short as pie-crust. It may have been because we were not good looking.—*N. H. Tel.*

TAKING IT COOLLY.—A gentleman residing in a village not many miles from Exeter, in this State, finding that the diminution of his woodpile continued after his fires were out, lay awake one night in order to obtain, if possible, some clue to the mystery. At an hour, when "all honest folks should be in bed," hearing an operator at work in the yard, he cautiously raised his chamber window, and saw a lazy brother endeavoring to get a large log on his wheelbarrow.

"You're a pretty fellow," said the owner, "to come here and steal my wood while I sleep."

"Yes," replied the thief, "and I suppose you would stay up there and see me break my back with lifting, before you'd offer to come down and help me."—*Portsmouth Messenger.*

ANOTHER SUBSTITUTE.—As a sample of the meanness that presides over the Baltimore and Philadelphia Railroad, they are too penurious to even buy whistles for their locomotives—They use pork as a substitute, or in other words, they keep a hog on each engine, and when they approach a crossing they just twist his tail till he squeals.—*Roch. American.*

This shows that it *is* possible "to make a whistle out of a pig's tail."—*Troy Post.*

A FINE PASSAGE.—The celebrated Robert Hall one day attended church, where a young minister preached on some public occasion. The young man, very anxious to hear Mr. Hall's opinion of his discourse, very pertinaciously plied the great man with questions respecting it. At length, worried beyond endurance, he said: 'Well, sir, there was one fine passage, and I liked it much, sir, much.—The passage I allude to, was *your passage from the pulpit to the vestry.*'

PREPARATION OF "COPY."—If people who are fond of writing for papers, could *only* conceive the terrible tax, which, through ignorance, or carelessness, they are upon the time of an editor, they would, it is hoped, endeavor to amend their ways. An illegible hand, a total disregard of paragraphs, and false punctuations—infinitely worse than no punctuation at all—with the vexation of having both sides of the page written on—these are the plagues of the sanctum. To be sure such copy might easily be refused, but frequently you would thus affront a good friend, and frequently there is good matter wrapped up in the core of these annoyances.

HUMOR.—It has been said that all true humor rests on melancholy, and doubtless there is much truth in the remark. All the higher class of writers, who have indulged in the quips and sports of the pen—the wild riot of wit, and exaggeration of fun—have made humor the safety-valve of a sad, earnest heart. 'Humor,' truly says a writer, 'is not levity—not insane laughter. It does not result from a fortuitous juxtaposition of words or ideas, but from a deep sense of the contests of life, and the subtle harmony which may unite jarring discords. Thus is pathos inseparable from humor. There are tears in its laughter—there are convulsive sobs.'

TO STOP BLEEDING AT THE NOSE.—Dr. Negrier, a French surgeon, says that the simple elevation of a person's arm will always stop bleeding at the nose. He explains the fact physiologically, and declares it a positive remedy. It is certainly easy of trial.

☞ Lynn has a population of 12,000, 8,000 of whom, of both sexes, are engaged in making boots and shoes. 3,000,000 pairs were "created" last year.

LIFE-LIKE.—The Philadelphia Galaxy says an artist in that city painted a cow and cabbage so natural that he was obliged to separate them before they were finished, because the *cow commenced eating the cabbage.*'

☞ The editor of the Ohio Statesman asks the following question: 'If a fellow has nothing when he gets married, and the gal has nothing, is her things his'n, or his things her'n?"

☞ A cabinet-maker in Charleston, S. C., advertises "Cradles and coffins, with all necessary intermediate furniture."

MR. CLAY AND THE MEN OF ONE IDEA.

A very considerable party in our country professes to regard the Abolition of Slavery as the paramount object of National solicitude. It is divided into various sects, one insisting on positive, offensive action; another preferring to stand on the defensive and only oppose any extension of the power or jurisdiction of Slavery, trusting to natural causes to work the overthrow of the detested institution; a third sect deprecates all Political action, but is even more sweeping than the others in its hostility, insisting even that the Federal Union shall be dissolved in order to rid the Free States of the guilt and shame of their present connection. These three sects, the last vehement and unsparing in its denunciations of the two former, which two maintain for the present a precarious and difficult alliance, all unite in denouncing as Pro-Slavery all who do not wear their badges, follow their ways, and endorse the wisdom of their respective inculcations.

—In the State of Kentucky there has lived for more than half a century, a man not unknown to history named HENRY CLAY. He was a young and poor attorney, without reputation or influence, save in a narrow sphere, at the time when, more than fifty years ago, Kentucky first undertook to form a State Constitution and set up for herself. Her people were nearly all, like himself, Virginians, brought up amid Slavery, many of them Slaveholders, and naturally inclined to regard the institution with favor. Its evils had not then been developed and exposed as they have since been. The African Slave-Trade was in prosperous activity, sanctioned by the public law of Christendom, and participated in by men eminent for mercantile standing and piety. There was no Abolition party, and had been no instances of extensive Abolition, except in St. Domingo, now Hayti, where the result, as then represented and understood, was well calculated to fill every mind with aversion and horror. Yet, in the face of all these influences, Henry Clay did not hesitate to stand, before the People of Kentucky an enemy of Slavery, and an advocate of its extinction by the Constitution then to be formed. He was overruled and voted down. Short-sighted and mistaken calculations of personal interest and consequence prevailed over abstract considerations of Humanity and enduring Policy.—Slavery was recognized and shielded by the State Constitution, and no provision made for its termination. The effects of that vote are now very palpable. Kentucky has ten Representatives in Congress, while Ohio, which had not at that time a hundred white families, did not begin to attract immigrants till some years afterward, and which is far inferior in climate and other natural advantages, has twenty-one Members, or more than double the number of her elder neighbor. And this disparity is every year increasing.

Mr. Clay, perceiving the question thus decided against him and the opportunity gone by, did not see fit to persist in an agitation of which he could discern no utility. He conformed to the settled policy of the State, both in his private capacity of citizen and in the public one of Representative and Senator, which he successfully attained, and in which he served many years with unsurpassed eminence. Yet in 1827, in an Address before the American Colonization Society, he repudiated in the most emphatic manner, his devotion to Slavery as unwise and wrong, and his ardent hopes of its ultimate extinction.

—In 1843-4, a formidable conspiracy, which had long been silently concocting, reached the point of development. The Slave Power—by which we mean that influence in our Union which regards Slavery as a signal blessing, to be extended and perpetuated at all hazards—had long been intriguing for the Annexation of Texas. The death of Gen. Harrison and the breaking up of the Whig Cabinet had thrown the Executive Government completely into the hands of this Power. The Accidental President was its tool; John C. Calhoun, its master spirit, was Secretary of State; its instruments filled the high places of the land. A Treaty of Annexation was negotiated, and the secret conspiracy became an open struggle. The official instructions from the State Department to our agents in Texas expressly affirmed the strengthening and perpetuating of Slavery to be a chief end of Annexation. The negro-growing and negro-dealing interest was everywhere inflamed to avarice and madness by the prospect of new markets and high prices for their great staple. Throughout the South hardly a voice was raised against the nefarious scheme.

Yes, there was ONE. Henry Clay spent the winter of 1843-4 in New Orleans, the focus of Annexation interest and the great slave-mart of the Union. He there perceived that a perilous crisis was at hand. He decided on the course prescribed to to him by Patriotism and the love of Freedom. He put forth a calm, decided forcible argument *against* Annexation in every shape. His name and his great influence were given to the Anti-Texas cause. That it was barely over-borne in the succeeding contest was no fault of his. Had those who now profess such zealous and all-absorbing hostility to the Extension of the Slave Power in our Union, *then* acted with any approach to consistency with this pretence, instead of going in (part of them directly and openly, the residue obliquely) with Calhoun, Tyler, Walker & Co., to elect one of the earliest and most thorough champions of Annexation and Slave Extension to the Presidency, the history of the last four years would not have been written in blood, and our Government, instead of owing seventy-five to one hundred millions of dollars, would now be out of debt, after devoting many millions to needful River and Harbor improvements. But while every State in which the Slave Power really predominated, voted for Polk as the champion of Annexation, New York, Indiana, Maine, Illinois, &c., were carried for him by means of confident and persistent assertions that Mr. Clay was as much an Annexationist as Polk, and as much devoted to the interests of Slavery! And the men who effected this result, and thus brought upon us Texas, with its train of Foreign War and National Debt, are now most vociferous for Free Soil!

Mr. Clay has since remained in retirement, hardly speaking of public affairs except once in condemnation of the War on Mexico and in earnest entreaty for Peace, until now that the People of Kentucky have decided, without a shadow of interference on his part, to hold a Convention for the revision of their State Constitution. That Convention is soon to be chosen. It of course presents a crisis in which an effort may be made against the continuance of Slavery without a probability of doing much harm and little good. The question is legitimately before the People of Kentucky, and some agitation of it is unavoidable. Mr. Clay therefore reiterates afresh his life-long convictions, and urges his fellow-citizens to take the needful steps to insure the ultimate deliverance of their State from the last vest-